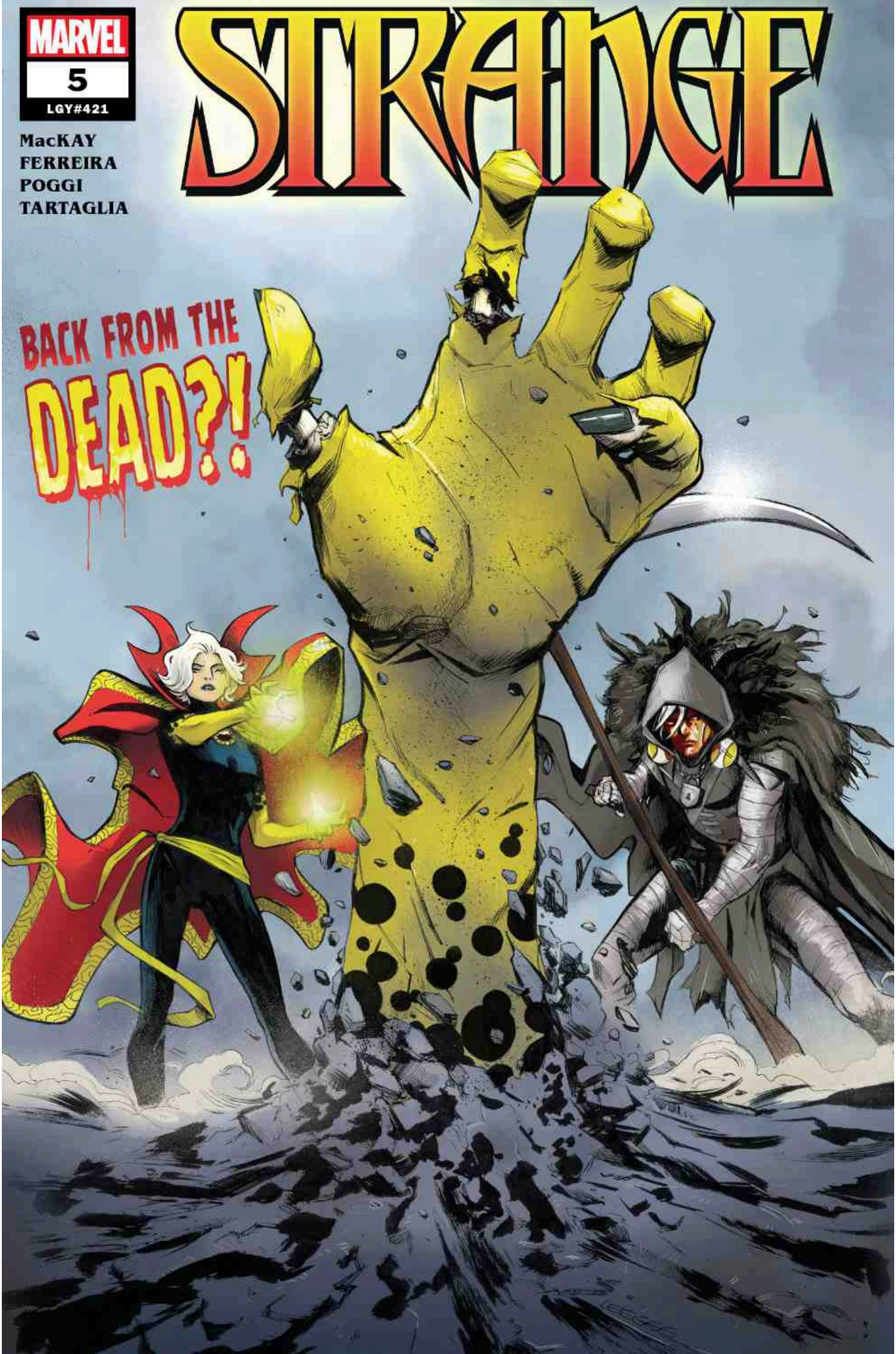

MARVEL
5
LGY#421
STRANGE
MacKAY
FERREIRA
POGGI
TARTAGLIA
BACK FROM THE DEAD?!

STRANGE

Doctor Stephen Strange is dead! Now the mantle of Sorcerer Supreme belongs to his wife, Clea Strange! But she's not about to relinquish this title anytime soon, at least not until she brings Stephen back from the dead.

Meanwhile, new threats are forming around her: The Blasphemy Cartel gang has been targeting innocent magical refugees. They have also been resurrecting dead superhumans for their nefarious goals. Clea struck back at the Cartel, decimating one of their hideouts and incurring their wrath.

But the Cartel didn't take this attack lightly, as they unleashed the zombified Shadow Knight upon the Sanctum! Luckily, Clea and her mother, Umar, teamed up to push the Cartel back!

Now Clea confronts the one person who may have all the answers: the mysterious Harvestman!

Jed MacKay
WRITER

Marcelo Ferreira
PENCILER

Roberto Poggi
INKER

Java Tartaglia
COLORIST

VC's Cory Petit
LETTERING

Lee Garbett COVER

Logan Lubera & Rachelle Rosenberg VARIANT COVER

Kat Gregorowicz
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Darren Shan
EDITOR

C.B. Cebulski
EDITOR IN CHIEF

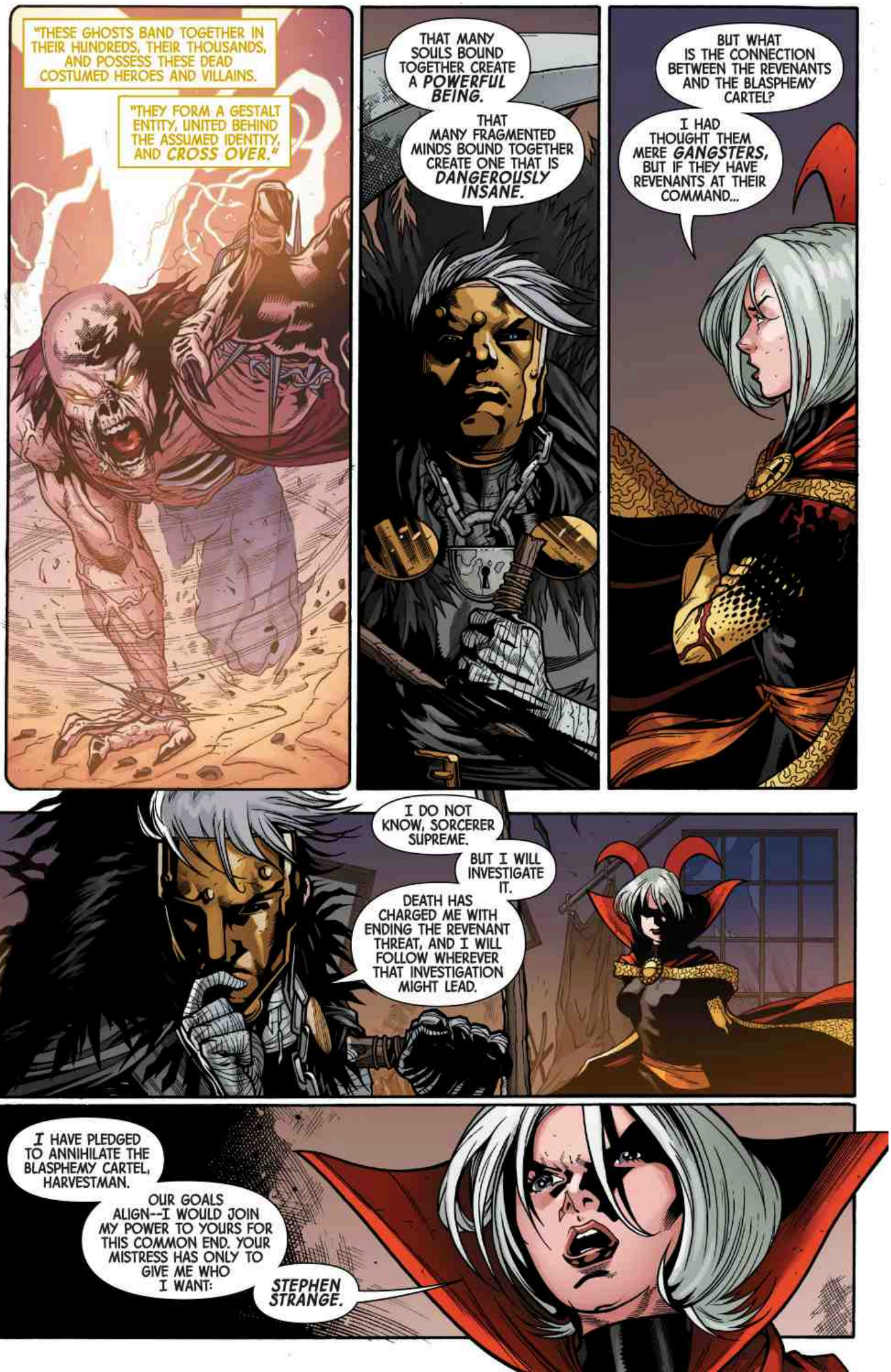
DOCTOR STRANGE CREATED BY STAN LEE & STEVE DITKO

© 2022 MARVEL. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

AHHH.
DELICIOUS.
THAT IS MY MOTHER.
UMAR THE UNRELENTING.
WARLORD OF THE FALTINE.
SHE HAS BUTCHERED THE AGENTS OF THE BLASPHEMY CARTEL AND IS NOW DRINKING THEIR BLOOD.
WHICH IS NOT SOMETHING I NEED MY NEIGHBORS SEEING, BUT I AM BUSY ELSEWHERE...
NOW THIS IS A VINTAGE.
177A BLEECKER STREET.
THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM.

...WITH THIS ONE.
THE HARVESTMAN.
DEATH'S SORCERER SUPREME.
WHO STANDS BETWEEN ME AND WHAT I WANT-- THE RESURRECTION OF STEPHEN STRANGE.
TALK, HARVESTMAN.
WHAT ARE THE REVENANTS?

...
THERE IS A REBELLION IN DEATH'S DOMAIN.
"THE ENDLESS DEAD ARE BEING CALLED BACK TO THE LAND OF THE LIVING.
"SOME SIREN SONG SINGS TO THEM, BECKONING THEM BACK TO LIFE.
"BUT THESE GHOSTS LACK THE SENSE OF SELF--OF IDENTITY--NEEDED TO BLAZE THEIR TRAIL BACK.
"THE LONG YEARS HAVE ERODED AWAY EVEN THEIR NAMES--MADE THEM MAD AND DIRECTIONLESS."
BUT STILL, THE CALL GOES ON. AND STILL, THE DEAD ARE DRAWN TO RETURN.
BUT THE SUPER HEROES AND SUPER VILLAINS--
IT COMES DOWN TO IDENTITY.
A PERSON'S IDENTITY IS A COMPLEX, NUANCED THING. A THING EASILY BROKEN, EASILY WORN AWAY.
BUT A SUPER HERO IS A SYMBOL.
A CLEVER NAME. A GARISH COSTUME. AN IDENTITY THAT IS SIMPLE TO COMPREHEND.


"THESE GHOSTS BAND TOGETHER IN THEIR HUNDREDS, THEIR THOUSANDS, AND POSSESS THESE DEAD COSTUMED HEROES AND VILLAINS.
"THEY FORM A GESTALT ENTITY, UNITED BEHIND THE ASSUMED IDENTITY, AND CROSS OVER."
THAT MANY SOULS BOUND TOGETHER CREATE A POWERFUL BEING.
THAT MANY FRAGMENTED MINDS BOUND TOGETHER CREATE ONE THAT IS DANGEROUSLY INSANE.
BUT WHAT IS THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE REVENANTS AND THE BLASPHEMY CARTEL?
I HAD THOUGHT THEM MERE GANGSTERS, BUT IF THEY HAVE REVENANTS AT THEIR COMMAND...
I DO NOT KNOW, SORCERER SUPREME.
BUT I WILL INVESTIGATE IT.
DEATH HAS CHARGED ME WITH ENDING THE REVENANT THREAT, AND I WILL FOLLOW WHEREVER THAT INVESTIGATION MIGHT LEAD.
I HAVE PLEDGED TO ANNIHILATE THE BLASPHEMY CARTEL, HARVESTMAN.
OUR GOALS ALIGN--I WOULD JOIN MY POWER TO YOURS FOR THIS COMMON END. YOUR MISTRESS HAS ONLY TO GIVE ME WHO I WANT:
STEPHEN STRANGE.

NO!
I HAVE TOLD YOU AND TOLD YOU AGAIN, SORCERER SUPREME!
ABANDON THIS GOAL! HE BELONGS TO DEATH, FORGET HIM!
I WAS *MADE* TO FORGET HIM ONCE.
NEVER AGAIN.
HE IS NOT WORTHY OF SUCH ESTEEM.
TAKE MY WORD FOR IT.
TCH!
WHO WAS *THAT* IRRITATING OBJECT?
THE HARVESTMAN. DEATH'S SORCERER SUPREME.
PFAH. YOU HAVE TERRIBLE TASTE IN MEN, DAUGHTER.
IT MUST RUN IN THE FAMILY, MOTHER.
I THINK THIS IS A GOOD PLACE TO CALL IT AN EVENING, AT ANY RATE.
I HAVE PLANS TO ATTEND TO, PEOPLE I MUST MEET, AND ON TOP OF THAT-- I SIMPLY DO NOT ENJOY SPENDING TIME WITH YOU.

WELL, WONG'S COOKING WAS AS PEDESTRIAN AS ALWAYS--
YOU HAVE NEVER DINED HERE BEFORE.
--BUT AT LEAST THE AFTER-DINNER ENTERTAINMENT WAS MILDLY DIVERTING.
THINK ON WHAT I SAID, DAUGHTER.
YOU ARE EXTRAORDINARILY WELLPLACED TO CONQUER THIS WORLD.
I WOULD BE HONORED TO HELP YOU DO SO. AS MY HEIR, YOUR GLORY IS MY OWN.
I MAY BE A WARLORD BY BLOOD, MOTHER, BUT I AM NO CONQUEROR!
PERHAPS NOT.
OR PERHAPS NOT YET.
BUT WHEN YOU REALIZE HOW MESSY, HOW FRACTIOUS AND CRUEL AND STUPID THIS WORLD IS, YOU MIGHT SEE THE LOGIC IN CONQUEST.
AFTER ALL, WHAT BETTER WAY TO FIX THE WORLD YOU'VE PLEDGED TO PROTECT THAN TO REBUILD IT IN YOUR OWN IMAGE?

"THINK ON IT, DAUGHTER."
THE NEXT NIGHT.
I DON'T THINK YOUR HOUSE LIKES ME.
IT'S HAD AN UNCOMFORTABLE HISTORY WITH DR. STRANGE AND HIS FRIENDS. YOU MAKE IT NERVOUS.
WELCOME TO THE MIDNIGHT MISSION. MY NAME IS MR. KNIGHT.
HOW CAN I HELP?

YOU HAVE RETURNED FROM THE DEAD.
SEVERAL TIMES AT THAT.
I WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT IT.
HEROES AND VILLAINS ARE RETURNING FROM THE DEAD. BUT NOT THE ONE I REQUIRE.
WELL, I DO OWE WONG A FAVOR.
WHICH MEANS I OWE *YOU* A FAVOR.
BEFORE WE START, I SHOULD MENTION: I'M TOLD THAT THE UNDEAD CREATURE I DESTROYED YESTERDAY WAS YOUR *BROTHER.*
IS THAT GOING TO BE A PROBLEM?
RANDALL'S BEEN KILLED? *AGAIN?*
LOOKS LIKE THAT'S *TWO* FAVORS I OWE YOU, THEN.
I'LL TELL YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT TO KNOW.
BUT THIS IS A *WORK NIGHT.* SO YOU'LL HAVE TO TAG ALONG.

--AND YOU CAN'T JUST *MAGIC* HIM BACK TO LIFE?
NO.
OR NOT YET, AT ANY RATE. IT'S COMPLICATED.
THIS IS NO ORDINARY SOUL.
THIS IS-- ***WAS*** THE SORCERER SUPREME. AND DEATH WILL NOT SIMPLY LET HIM GO.
IT WOULD BE BAD FORM.
HRRN.
YOU PEOPLE WORK AT A WILDLY DIFFERENT LEVEL THAN I DO.

WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE?
CALL IT A CHECK-IN. WON'T TAKE A MINUTE.
AND TONIGHT'S WINNING NUMBERS ARE...
COME ON, COME ON...
HI, 8-BALL.
AAAAAGHHH!!!
OKAY. I THINK HE GETS THE IDEA. NOW WE CAN GO TO WORK.
WHAT IDEA?
I DON'T HAVE MAGIC POWERS, CLEA.
SO I HAVE TO SCARE THEM.
WHO?
EVERYONE.

IT'S JUST--
RAAAAAGHH!
--WHAT WE DO. FISTS OF KHONSHU.
KRRNCH!
WE DIE.
KHONSHU BRINGS US BACK TO DO HIS WORK.
AND THEN WE KEEP DYING AND COMING BACK.
BECAUSE THE WORK NEVER ENDS.
HE'S A GOD FOR ONE THING.
INTERESTING.
BUT WHY IS KHONSHU ALLOWED TO TAKE SUCH LIBERTIES WITH DEATH?
AND INCIDENTALLY, WOULD YOU LIKE SOME HELP?
THE CURRENCIES OF LIFE AND DEATH HAVE ALWAYS BEEN POCKET CHANGE TO THEM.
AND NO THANKS, I'M JUST GETTING WARMED UP.

IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME FOR A MOMENT...
WHERE ARE YOU TAKING PEOPLE?!
TELL ME!
NOT A CHANCE, FREAK.
I'VE MADE TOUGHER THAN YOU TALK--
PLEASE.
LET ME.
YOU ARE FOOLISH NOT TO FEAR THE MOON KNIGHT, KIDNAPPER. HE IS A GOD'S INSTRUMENT OF VENGEANCE AND IS NOT BOUND BY THE LAWS OF MORTALS.

BUT HE IS STILL JUST A MAN.
WHEREAS I CONTAIN WITHIN ME ALL THE HORRORS OF THE DARK DIMENSION.
LET ME SHOW THEM TO YOU.
NO--
--NOOOO--

"YES."
INNSMOUTH HILLS SANITARIUM
BOOOOM
THE RUINS OF INNSMOUTH HILLS SANITARIUM, LONG ISLAND.
FIND THE ABDUCTEES!
I AM NOT ONE TO BE ORDERED ABOUT, FIST OF KHONSHU!
YOU'RE FASTER THAN I AM AND I CAN'T DIE!
TCH. AS YOU LIKE.
BURNING COMPASS OF CYNDRION!

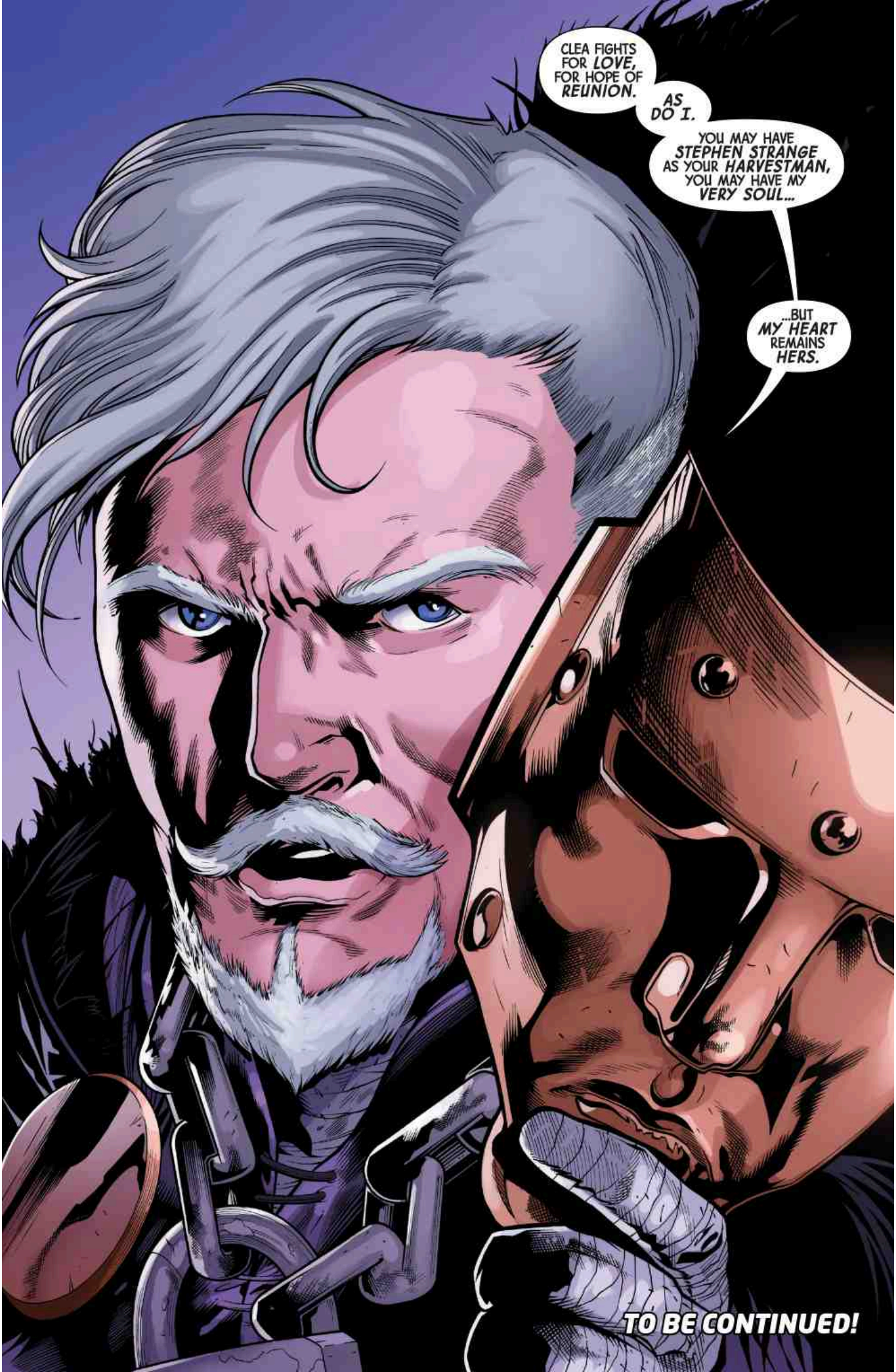
HNN.
THERE.
HELLO.
WHAMMMM
I AM HERE TO SAVE YOU.
WHO--
--WHO ARE YOU?
CLEA.
CLEA STRANGE.

--LEAVE ME ALONE, YOU FREAK!
I'M NOT THE ONE EATING PEOPLE'S BRAINS, PAL.
SPINES OF SAL-GOTHA!
YAAAHH!
WHAMM
HM.
THIS ONE EATS BRAINS, DOES HE?
THEY ALL DO. IT'S WHY THE CREEP WOULDN'T TALK-- HE KNEW HE'D GET CUT OFF.
MY NAME IS DR. THADDEUS PAINE, AND I HAVE A CONDITION.
I REQUIRE PHENYLETHYLAMINE TO LIVE.
AND SO, YES, I MUST CONSUME HUMAN BRAINS TO SURVIVE.
AND YES, I DELIBERATELY INFECTED MY MEN WITH THE SAME CONDITION, SO THAT I MIGHT RESEARCH IT MORE FULLY, IN ORDER TO CURE IT.
BUT CAN YOU FAULT ME FOR WISHING TO LIVE?

GOOD NIGHT, DR. PAINE.
NO.
YOU ARE TRULY TERRIBLE, DR. PAINE.
BUT NEITHER MYSELF, NOR THE MOON KNIGHT, WILL KILL YOU TONIGHT.
BUT YOU HAVE PROVEN YOURSELF UNWORTHY OF ANY PLACE IN *THIS WORLD*...
...SO I SHALL SEND YOU SOMEWHERE MORE ***APROPOS.***
WHAT?!
WHO KNOWS HOW MANY DEATHS HE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR?!
NEXT BRAIN HE EATS IS ON YOU, LADY!
PFFT, PLEASE.
HE WILL HAVE PRECIOUS LITTLE TO FEAST UPON...

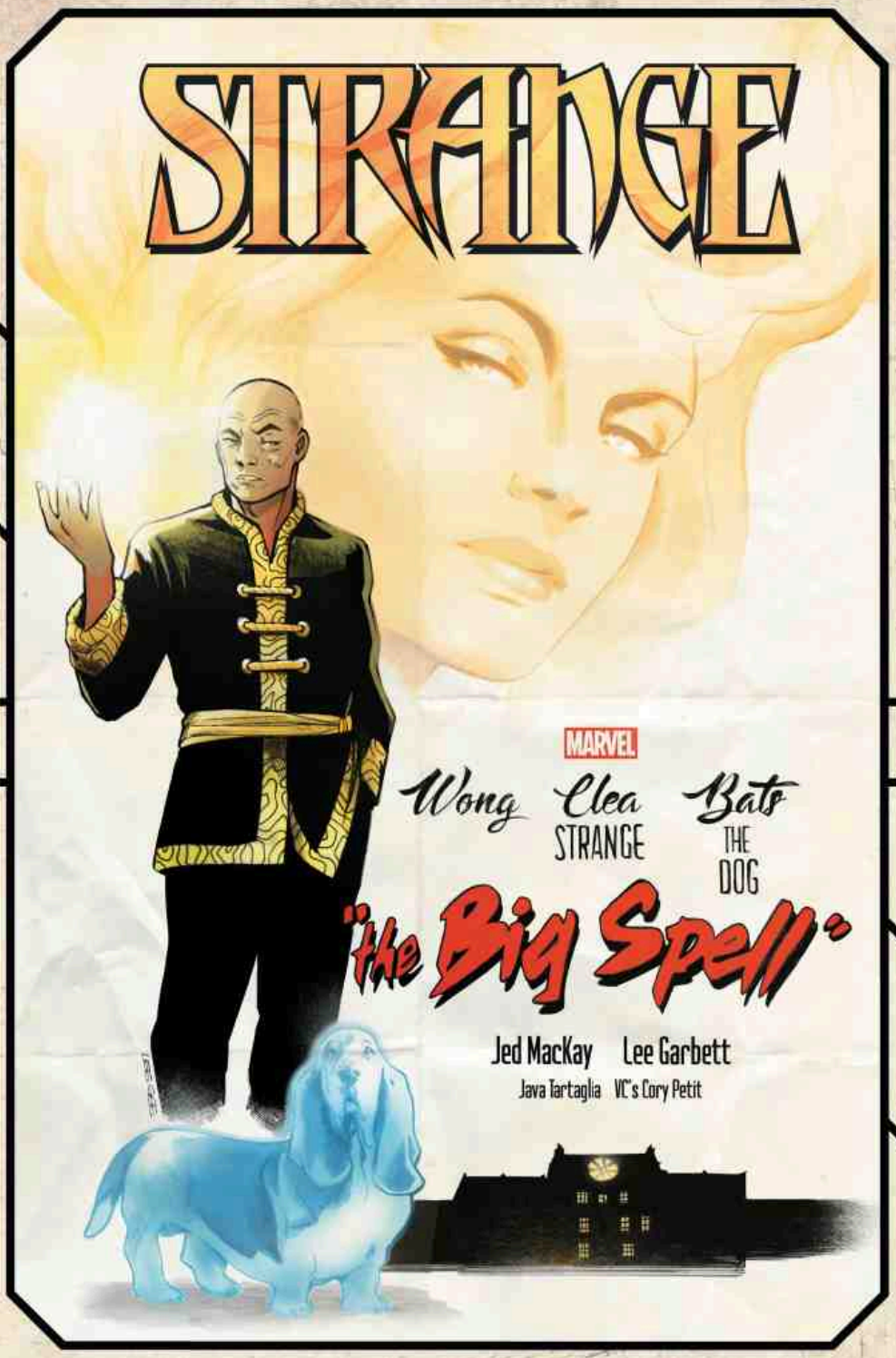
"...AMONG THE MINDLESS ONES."
...
SURE, OKAY, I GUESS?
GREAT TITANIC TEAM-UP, REGARDLESS.
INDEED. AND THANK YOU FOR YOUR INSIGHT, FIST OF KHONSHU.
FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH, WHEN WE'RE TALKING ABOUT COMING BACK FROM THE DEAD, MY EXPERIENCE IS THIS:
YOU NEED SOMEONE WITH THE POWER AND INFLUENCE TO DO IT, THE KIND OF POWER AND INFLUENCE A GOD HAS. AND EVEN THEN, THEY'RE ONLY DOING IT SO YOU'LL WORK FOR THEM.
STRANGE WOULD BE A GOOD GET FOR A GOD. OR ANY OTHER POWER WITH SERIOUS INFLUENCE AND PULL.
BUT WHO WOULD BE POWERFUL ENOUGH TO GET A FORMER SORCERER SUPREME TO WORK FOR THEM?
THERE IS ONLY ONE I CAN THINK OF.

ahh
harvestman
what news, my sweet harvestman
have you worked my will
have you punished the revenant
NO, MISTRESS DEATH.
I WENT THERE WITH ALL SPEED, BUT I WAS TOO LATE.
IT WAS THE SORCERER SUPREME WHO CLAIMED THE REVENANT.
this is not done, harvestman
the sorcerer supreme oversteps her authority
she may require correction, harvestman
NO.
MY WIFE IS A FIERCE, COURAGEOUS SOUL. SHE SHOULD NOT BE PUNISHED FOR HER NATURE.


CLEA FIGHTS FOR LOVE, FOR HOPE OF REUNION.
AS DO I.
YOU MAY HAVE STEPHEN STRANGE AS YOUR HARVESTMAN, YOU MAY HAVE MY VERY SOUL...
...BUT MY HEART REMAINS HERS.
TO BE CONTINUED!

NEXT:

Lost Memories!



Someone has stolen pieces of Wong's memory! But he's going to need them back to help stop the Blasphemy Cartel! It's up to Wong and Bats to retrace their steps to find the truth! But could this memory be better off forgotten?

EMAIL US AT MHEROES@MARVEL.COM AND MARK "OKAY TO PRINT"!

ZONE